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## KING WILLIAM'S WAR

By the  
Revd. William Salter D. D.

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## COLONIAL DAYS OF IOWA

By  
Judson Keith Deming Esq.

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## FALL OF LOUISBURG

By the  
Revd. Samuel Roosevelt Johnson Hoyt D. D.

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESS

On the Occasion of the Death of the  
Rt. Revd. William Stevens Perry D. D., L. L. D.  
By  
Judson Keith Deming Esq.

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# AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

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## KING WILLIAM'S WAR.

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A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS IN  
THE STATE OF IOWA, AT DUBUQUE, JUNE SEVENTEENTH,  
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY SEVEN.

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THE civilization of the world has been largely carried forward by colonies that have gone from more enlightened to less enlightened or to newly discovered lands.

At the dawn of history the Phœnicians were the disseminators of letters and civilization by the colonies they planted upon the shores of the Mediteranean, and by the commerce and trade and the alphabet they carried with them. Hence sprang up philosophy and art in Greece, and law and jurisprudence in Italy. In turn, Greece and Rome carried civilization to other lands. They extended their dominion by force of arms, but by colonies and provincial establishments they knit distant peoples together in the exchanges of com-

merce; they softened manners; they ameliorated the world. The arts and the language of Greece followed the sword of Alexander. The laws of Rome followed the conquests of Cæsar. The largest and fairest city on the Rhine by its name (*Coln*) recalls the fact that it was originally a Roman colony.

Upon the discovery of America, every portion of the continent fell under European domination. For three centuries the history of America is an elongation of European history, and in no portion independent of it until 1776. Colonies from the Old World took possession of the New. In the course of two centuries, large portions of America were known as "New Spain," or "New France;" a little portion as "New England." The former names have disappeared; the latter remains; and may remain in times afar.

The discovery of the different parts of the continent that form the United States was made by different nations, by Spain, England, France, Holland and Russia; and it covered a period of two centuries and a half, from the first sight of Florida by Americus Vesputius in 1497 to the discovery of Alaska by Vitus Bering in 1741. As this vast region came to the knowledge of successive generations, the natives in every part were



found to be roving and barbarous tribes, at war with one another, and, while for a time friendly to the white people, sooner or later resisting their progress, and making war upon them with the single exception of William Penn's colony upon the Delaware, the neighboring Indians just before the planting of that colony having been badly worsted in their wars with other tribes.

In America for one hundred years after its discovery, Spain was the dominant power, and held almost exclusive possession. There came a change at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Then France and England began to plant colonies, and a struggle arose between them. The struggle lasted one hundred and sixty years. Samuel Champlain was upon the Saint Lawrence at the same time Captain John Smith sailed up the James river and made the first settlement in Virginia. Five years before the Pilgrims set foot upon Plymouth Rock, Champlain had set foot upon the shores of Lake Huron. When John Endicott, Francis Higginson, John Winthrop, John Mason and Ferdinando Gorges were founding settlements at Salem, Boston and upon "the Long reach of the Piscataqua," Cardinal Richelieu, Champlain, and opulent merchants of Paris organized a "Company of One Hundred Asso-

ciates," for the settlement of Canada; and at the same time a company of Jesuit Fathers landed at Quebec.

The earliest wars were life-and-death struggles for existence. The red men regarded the white people as intruders, as having no right upon the soil but by sufferance, and, when jealousies and misunderstandings arose, he sought nothing less than their extermination. The same difficulties and misfortunes were encountered in all the colonies, and in Canada by the French, as in Virginia and Massachusetts by the English, and in New York by the Dutch. Upon landing in Canada, Champlain found the Algonquins and Hurons at war with the Iroquois, and it was as he went on the war-path with the former against the later, that he first saw the peaceful lake that perpetuates his name. In the scattered villages upon the banks of James river in Virginia, three hundred and forty-seven persons, men, women and children, were killed on a single day, (March 22, 1622). In a second massacre, twenty-two years latter, there were three hundred victims. The wars of the Iroquois and Hurons overwhelmed the early Jesuit missions in Canada with indescribable horrors of torture and massacre. The Mohawks were long the terror of

New York before they buried the tomahawk. Massachusetts lost nearly a thousand of her sons, the flower of the colony, in King Philip's war; six hundred houses were burnt; scores of women and children were slain. The ravages of that war extended to the Piscataqua and the Kennebec, where two hundred and sixty persons were killed by the Indians or carried captive. In 1689 the Iroquois burnt LaChine, just above Montreal, and massacred two hundred people.

So unsparing of all Europeans were the Indians, that it was at one time proposed that the French and the English should join in common measures for mutual protection against them. But the proposition miscarried, and afterwards, as the French in Canada and the English colonies became embroiled in the wars of Europe, the savages were eager to take part in every fray, and could not be restrained. For the last half of the struggle to which I have referred, the colonial wars were French and Indian wars. They were known among our fathers mostly by names from over the sea, as King William's War (1688-97), Queen Anne's War (1704-13), King George's War, George II, (1744-8), and the Seven Years' War (1756-63), in which France lost Canada.

Two hundred years ago, Europe was in hos-

tile camps. In a perspective of that time from this distance two names are seen at the head of the conflict on their respective sides, Louis XIV of France and William III of England. They were representative men, each of force and weight, but opposite in character, of different ideas, sentiments, manners, and habits, antagonistic in their views of what constitutes a State, of what pleases God, of what ennobles life. In their day those two men had as much to do in shaping the destiny of nations as perhaps any two men have had in any period of history.

At the time referred to 1697, Louis XIV had been upon the throne of France forty-six years from his fourteenth year. Since Charlemagne no monarch in Europe had gained equal renown or power. Of stately person and royal air, he called to mind the pride, the magnificence, the absolutism of the Cæsars. In pomp and pageantry, in gorgeous retinues, in embellishments of art, in dazzling carousals, in extravagant and wanton luxury, his court surpassed every other in the annals of Europe. It rivalled the fabled glare and glory of Babylon and Persia. It had also the support and blandishment of the philosophers, poets, and wits of the time, men of renown, and of the bishops and clergy of the realm. France

was then the wealthiest country in Europe, and the king aggrandized that wealth to himself.—“Everything in our dominion belongs *to us*,” was his saying. He maintained the largest standing army that had been seen in Europe for a thousand years, and acted as sovereign of the continent. To sustain his pride and pomp he laid heavy taxes upon the French people, but his expenditures, whether in war or peace, exceeded his revenues, and at his death he left an immense debt which a famous scheme, mortgaging the wealth of the Indies and the Mississippi, was devised to liquidate. It was known as the South Sea Bubble.

Of imperious disposition Louis XIV acknowledged no rule but his own will. He scorned obeisance to any other authority. “I am the State,” was his motto. He ground opposition to the dust. He revoked the Edict of Nantes that had given protection to protestants, and ran them down with the Dragonnades, or drove them from France. Of his religion he made a show, but it was a matter of pretence and interest, and never interfered with his vices, but was such a sanctimonious combination of self assertion with infamous principles as led a leader of opinion in the next century to say, “*Ecrasez L*’

*Infame.*" By force of arms or by menace and artifice, he intimidated surrounding nations. He seized the free city of Strasbourg on the Rhine. He joined hands with the Sultan, and confederated with Mahometans against christians to avenge himself upon Austria. When the amiable Fenelon chided the king's pride, he sent him into disgrace. When Innocent XI resisted his aggression and abuse, the king was so contumacious and obstinate that the Pope supported the coalition which Catholic and Protestant princes formed against him, headed by the Prince of Orange. So long as the Stuarts held the throne of England, Louis XIV dominated the policy of that country in his interest. He made Charles II and James II his pensioners and vassals that they might over-ride the parliament and people of England. He made Charles II believe that it were better for him to be "viceroi of the Grand Monarch than slave to five hundred of his insolent subjects," the English Parliament. After the death of Charles II, he offered assistance to keep James II on the throne, when his subjects were muttering against him; and later, when James fled from England, he received him at his court with royal pageantry, and paid him stipends. Upon the accession of William, Prince of Orange, to the throne, by election

of Parliament, and upon his coronation in Westminster Abbey, Louis XIV denounced him as a usurper, and declared war against England.

Two hundred years ago (1697,) William III was in the ninth year of his reign. He had defended himself against the Grand Monarch, and now that the war was drawing to a close, and negotiations for peace were in progress he was still defiant, and said "that the only way of treating with France is with our swords in our hands." Finally, a treaty of peace was signed on the 11th of September, 1697.

Of the European complications of that war it is not my province to speak, except that King William's part as the mortal enemy of Louis XIV saved not only England, but other nations as well, from falling under an arbitrary despotism. In fact it was chiefly in view of bringing the help and resources of England to break down that despotism, that the Prince of Orange left his native and beloved Holland and took the English throne. His heart remained all his days in Holland, the land of his great ancestor, William the Silent. The enterprise he undertook, says Macaulay, "was the most arduous and important in the history of modern Europe." "It saved Europe from Slavery," is the verdict of a dispassion-

ate French statesman and historian in this century (Guizot).

To then far-away America King William's War was of ominous and absorbing interest, as it involved the success of our fathers' experiment in planting Liberty upon the shores of the new world, and as it involved the fate of the struggle to which I have referred for the possession of the continent. The war, however, was not generally known as an American war, or as King William's War. In Europe it was called the "Grand Alliance," or "the Coalition," because different nations were confederate against Louis XIV. In England it was known as the "Revolution;" in France and Germany as the "War of the Palatinate," because the French troops over-run and devoured that Country; in Canada as "Frontenac's war," because Frontenac carried it on with resolute and remorseless vigor against the colonies. To the English colonies it was "King William's war," because to them King William was the head and front of the movement, and because he was the advocate and defender of that free spirit by which they had been animated from the beginning, for which they had braved the ocean and the wilderness. In the colonies they had enjoyed their own institutions of government, had



made their own laws, and chosen their own officers. They had subdued the soil, and had maintained themselves against the savages without help from abroad. The mother country had looked upon them askance or treated them with neglect. Charles II and James II had overridden their charters, and imposed unworthy and arbitrary men as commissioners and governors. Connecticut had refused to give up its charter and hid it in the hollow of an oak. Upon hearing of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England, Massachusetts, weary of the misrule of Sir Edmund Andros, rose in insurrection against the royal governor, put him in arrest, and reinstated a former governor, then in his eighty-fifth year, the last survivor of the founders of the colony. A zealot for James II, Andros had seemed to act in collusion with Louis XIV against the liberties of Englishmen. His government was denounced at the time as a "French Government," and it became "an abomination to posterity," as was foretold of it at the time.

Nowhere was the accession of William III received with greater joy than in the colonies. It acknowledged their rights and liberties, and put an end to the tyranny of Andros and the Stuarts. There was never before such rejoicing in America.

It was more hearty and universal than in England, where James had many adherents, where a reactionary spirit soon broke out, and where it could hardly be forgiven William that he was a Dutchman. New England had no such prejudice, for Holland had given shelter and home to the Pilgrims when exiled from their native land, and the Dutch people were the original founders of the colony of New York.

To Louis XIV the establishment of his rule and power in America was an object of exceeding interest and desire. He set his heart inordinately upon it. He did more to make a New France in America than all the kings of England ever did for the establishment or support of the English colonies. It was in his reign that the valley of the Mississippi was discovered, and La Salle had named the vast region *Louisiana* in his honor. Canada and Louisiana were found to be interlaced and interlocked. Nature seemed to have marked both regions for one country. At several points the portage between the waters that flow to the St. Lawrence and those that flow to the Mississippi is hardly a stone's throw, and in seasons of flood those waters intermingle. Could Louis XIV have conquered the English colonies on the Atlantic, the whole continent would have

been his. New England would have been blotted from the map, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi and the Atlantic slope would have all alike become New France.

Among the friends and courtiers of Louis XIV was Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada at the time of the discovery of the Mississippi, and appointed Governor a second time at the beginning of King William's war. He was an ardent sympathizer in the ambitious projects of the Grand Monarch, as also in his absolutist ideas and arbitrary measures. In ability, enterprise, and vigor of character, he was superior to any other public man that either France or England sent over to America. He was eager to do his part against the subjects of King William in the English colonies, and more than any one else he threatened and endangered the existence of the colonies. Upon his departure from France for his second term of command, Louis ordered him to conquer New York, the blow to be struck at once, the English to be taken by surprise. With a thousand regulars and six hundred Canadian militia he was to march from Lake Champlain to the Hudson, capture Albany, seize all boats, and descend to the mouth of the river, where two ships of war were to join in the capture of New

York, then containing about two hundred houses and four hundred fighting men. All lands in the colony, except those of Catholics, were to be granted to the French officers and soldiers. The other inhabitants were to be driven off, the nearest settlements of New England to be destroyed and those more remote to be laid under contribution.

That scheme failed. Frontenac found on reaching Quebec that the Iroquois had visited his own province with a frightful devastation, that they had massacred two hundred of his people, as already stated, in a village close to Montreal. Not until mid-winter was he able to assume the offensive, when he sent out war-parties of French and Indians who burnt Schenectady, and spread dismay and death among the frontier towns of New Hampshire and Maine.

At this time Major CHARLES FROST was commander of the military forces of Maine. He had come in his early childhood, when three or four years old, with his parents from the west of England, and had grown up with the country among the hardy adventurers of the Piscataqua. Of those people some hewed the forests, cleared the land, and turned the wilderness into fruitful fields; some followed the fishing industry; others

built ships and engaged in commerce and trade. There was work for all, and there were willing hands. A happy and prosperous condition of things existed. There is no happier work than opening up a new country. The long reaches of the Piscataqua and the indented coast of Maine, became "on many accounts the most charming part of New England," as was said of it at the time (*Magnalia* II, 659.) For forty years the settlers lived amicably with the Indians of the region until they were incited in King Philip's war to take part in that conspiracy for the extermination of the English people.

King William's war was anticipated in America before it was formally declared in Europe. The French in Canada and their Indian allies, under the inspiration of the Jesuit Fathers, snuffed the battle from afar, and entered upon the fray the summer before.

In the first year of King William, soon after the news of his coronation had crossed the ocean, and had been celebrated in Boston with such pageantry as was never known there before, Major Waldron was murdered by the Indians, by stealth, and with cruel torture, in his own house. Upon him, after thirteen years, the savages wreaked their full measure of revenge. At the same time

they killed or carried captive fifty-two other persons.

Two months after the death of Major Waldron, Charles Frost, who had lost favor and standing under Governor Andros, was appointed Major of the military forces of Maine. The Indians and French were now spreading desolation far and near. Many families abandoned their homes.—York, Wells, Portland, Salmon Falls, and Durham suffered the extreme horrors of savage warfare. We spare you any grewsome details. The history is of authentic record by Belknap and Williamson the historians of New Hampshire and Maine, and by Bancroft, Palfrey, Parkman and other standard authors. Belknap writing more than a century ago from his home in the very spot where some of those atrocities had occurred, took pains to compare the published narratives and public records with old manuscripts and verbal traditions of the sufferers and their descendants. He said, "The particular incidents may be tedious to strangers, but they will be read with avidity by the posterity of those whose misfortunes and bravery were so conspicuous."

At the end of this war the number of Englishmen killed on the frontier towns of Maine and

New Hampshire was more than seven hundred and two hundred and fifty carried captive many never to return.

Nor, while the French were the most aggressive, was the war only a defensive one on the part of the English colonies. They captured Acadia, then consisting of the eastern part of Maine and of Nova Scotia, and they planned to conquer Canada. Massachusetts fitted out a fleet against Quebec, with which New York was to join a land force. The latter failed, but the fleet reached Quebec, and in the name of King William demanded its surrender, offering terms of mercy while declaring that the French and Indian outrages upon New England might justly prompt to a severe revenge. Frontenac defiantly replied that he did not recognize King William, that the New England people were heretics, and traitors to their lawful king, James II, that they had taken up with a usurper, and made a revolution, but for which New England and France would be all one.

A siege was begun, but after reverses, and the small pox breaking out in the fleet, the enterprise was abandoned, and as the fleet sailed away Quebec was jubilant, and kindled a great bonfire in honor of Frontenac. While Boston

was in humiliation and chagrin with the return of the fleet, the news went over the ocean, and elated Louis XIV, who caused a medal to be struck, with the inscription:

FRANCIA IN NOVO ORBE VICTRIX  
KEBECA LIBERATA  
MDCXC.

Frontenac wrote to Louis XIV: "The King has triumphed by land and by sea. Now let him crush the Parliamentarians of Boston and the English of New York, and secure the whole sea coast with the fisheries of the Grand Bank."

Later, the colonies were dismayed by rumor that a French fleet was hovering along the coast, "intending a destroying visit" upon New York and Boston. The rumor had foundation, for in the spring of 1697 a powerful squadron was under orders to proceed to the mouth of the Penobscot, there to be joined by Indian warriors and fifteen hundred Canadian troops under Frontenac, the whole force to fall upon Boston. They had an exact knowledge of the town, with a map of the harbor, and had prepared a plan of attack. After Boston was taken, the land forces, French and Indian, were to march on Salem, and thence to the Piscataqua, the ships proceeding



along the coast. The towns were to be destroyed, a portion of the plunder to be divided among the officers and men, the rest to be stowed in ships for transportation to France. Frontenac collected men, canoes, and supplies for the march across the wilderness of Canada and Maine to the Penobscot. But the fleet met with detention and contrary winds, and the enterprise came to naught.

Meanwhile wary and prowling bands of Indians continued to infest the settlements. They never fought in the open, but hid in thickets or behind logs or rocks, and were rarely seen before they did execution.

On the 15th of March, 1697, the Indian prowlers seized a young mother in Haverhill, Mass., burnt her home, dashed her babe against a tree, and carried her into captivity. While they slept one night on an island in the Merrimac, she rose upon her captors in their slumbers, tomahawked them with quick and vigorous blows, and made good her escape down the river in a canoe to her people. This is the story of Hannah Dustin, whose descendants are spread over the continent. I found one of them more than half a century ago among the hardy pioneers of Iowa.

On the 10th of June, 1697, a party of Indians

were discovered near Exeter, N. H., lying in ambush, by some women and children who had gone into the woods to pick strawberries. An alarm was given, and the Indians fled after killing one person and taking another captive.

On the 4th of July following, then as this year the Lord's Day, Major Frost and two others with him fell victims to the merciless savage. It was twenty years since the stratagem by which so many Indians had been captured at the close of King Philip's war, and eight years since the Indians had killed Major Waldron. They now wreaked their full measure of revenge in killing Major Frost. He was in his sixty-fifth year. He had been active all his life in military service until he was sixty years of age, when he was again chosen one of the Governor's Council 1693. By his ceaseless vigilance, while other towns were deserted, or burned, and their inhabitants massacred, this immediate region of the frontier upon the east bank of the Piscataqua had been preserved for the most part from savage incursions. To the last he continued to be employed in a general superintendence of military movements.

Faithful in frequenting public worship, according to the law and custom of the time, and

as a magistrate enforcing that law, he attended public worship on the day mentioned, and it was afterwards remembered that he expressed a strong desire to do so that Sabbath morning. On returning home towards evening, a part of his family and some neighbors with him were fired upon by savages who lay in ambush at Ambush Rock. Some of the party in which were his two sons (Charles and John) escaped, but Major Frost and two others (Mrs. Heard and Dennis Downing) were killed, and Mr. Heard wounded.

Thus ended the life of a brave and resolute man two hundred years ago who did his part to open the wilderness to civilization, to save the infant settlements from utter extinction, and secure to after times the immunities and blessings that make the homes upon the Piscataqua among the happiest and most favored in the world. It was through such services and sacrifices that our ancestors maintained their foothold upon the continent, and that in the course of time a nation arose, founded not upon arbitrary and irresponsible power, not upon bigotry and persecution, as represented by the Grand Monarch of France, but upon liberty and justice and the toleration of religious differences, as represented by William III.

The Ten Years of King William's War were called *Dccennium Luctuosum*, a Mournful Decade, by an annalist of the period. He made a record of them "while they were fresh and new," and put a detailed account of the miseries and sufferings and cruelties into his famous *Magnalia Christi Americana*, ere they should be "lost in oblivion." That history closes with an improvement of the "Great Calamities of a War with Indian-Salvages" in a sermon at Boston Lecture, July 27, 1698. The preacher said that in the most charming part of New England, where men had sown fields along the shore for a hundred miles together, the fruitful land had been turned into barrenness, and a cluster of towns had been diminished and brought low through oppression, affliction and sorrow. He added that no part of the English had been more preyed upon at sea during these Ten Years than that which had gone out of New England. He referred to Major Waldron and Major Frost as "two of our magistrates treacherously and barbarously killed by the Indian murderers," and he honors William III as "the greatest monarch that ever sat on the British throne."

A few months after that Lecture was delivered in Boston, the foremost enemy of the English

Colonies, Frontenac, died in Canada. He had been the chief agent in building up New France, and in extending over the vast region which he had aided to discover the authority and name of Louis XIV.

In the first half of the next century the standards of French authority were set up upon the Great Lakes, at Detroit, Sault St. Marie, Mackinaw, and Green Bay, and over the Mississippi Valley at Fort Du Quesne, Vincennes, Prairie du Chien, Kaskaskia, and New Orleans. But finally those standards and the whole region (except New Orleans and the territory west of the Mississippi which fell to Spain) succumbed to British rule with the fall of Canada on the Heights of Abraham in 1759.

Meanwhile, though the English Colonies had been saved from falling into the hands of Louis XIV, other wars followed, and in the reverse of history it came about that the tables were completely turned. The subsequent royal governments of England proved oppressive to the colonies, and France, their dread and terror in the period under review, became seventy-five years later their friend and helper against a British King who was "unfit to be the ruler of a free people." And as in the course of events the

United States of America took a separate and equal place among the powers of the earth, France and Holland were first and foremost to acknowledge the independence and welcome them into the family of nations.

The arbitrary rule of Louis XIV went down in ignominy and shame in his own country in the terror and retribution of the French Revolution at the close of the eighteenth century,—while the ideas and principles of William III have become more and more ascendant in the counsels of advancing civilization.

King William was the herald of the new age that discredits prerogative and “divine right,” whether in church or state, and makes authority and government responsible and amenable to the Eternal Justice and to the public conscience and the deliberate judgment of mankind. He anticipated that entire freedom of religion which is the distinctive principle of our American national life. A Protestant by original conviction, and the head of a Protestant kingdom, he favored the abolition of religious tests, so that any Protestant, whether in the national church or not, might be admitted to public employment. He was a latitudinarian. He owned different creeds and different forms of church government,

while he preferred his own. It was grateful to him—England had never such a day before or since—when upon his arrival in London all religious parties joined to do him honor, and eminent nonconformist divines marched in a procession headed by the bishop of London. He said he should like the Church of England better if its rites reminded him less of the rites of the Church of Rome, and at the same time he was so considerate of the Church of Rome that Protestant zealots of the time put his charity towards Catholics to his disadvantage and reproach. It is the verdict of Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, that he was "the most magnanimous and heroic character of that age. Though not exempt from errors, it is to his superiority over all her own natives that England is indebted for the preservation of her honor and liberty when the Commonwealth was never so close to shipwreck, and in danger of becoming a province of France. It must ever be an honor to the English crown that it was worn by him."

Though our ancestors suffered so severely in the Ten Years' War, they were saved from falling a prey utterly to the spoiler. They appreciated the character and honored the name of King William. The second college in the colonies was

the College of William and Mary in Virginia. The name William and Mary was given to the old castle at the mouth of Piscataqua, the King having made a present of some great guns which were mounted there. The fort retained the name for more than a century. Appropriately on that very spot, which commemorated the English Revolution of 1688, occurred the first overt act of the American Revolution nearly a century later in the capture (Dec. 13-15, 1774) of the powder and arms that were stored there, which were put to use the next year by the patriots at Lexington and Bunker Hill. A leading public man of two hundred years ago, a President of Harvard College, said that if New England could have her ancient rights and privileges, she would make William III "the emperor of America." And so for substance and in moral effect it has come about. His principles have dominated in America even more than in England. They have permeated our national character. We have moved on upon the lines of progress indicated by King William. The Declaration of Right upon which he took the throne of England in 1689 proceeded upon the same principles as our Declaration of Independence in 1776; and without the former the latter had never been. And those principles



assure the further improvement of the world and better laws and better institutions of government, as the public weal may require in the midst of an advancing civilization and under new conditions of human society.

After two hundred years we behold the principles of liberty and constitutional government for which King William stood, as against the arbitrary principles for which Louis XIV stood, incorporated into the organic life of the forty-five States of the American Union, that have sprung from the feeble colonies upon the Atlantic, and that now stretch across the continent to the Pacific.

“What change! through pathless wilds no more  
The fierce and naked savage roams;  
Sweet praise along the cultured shore  
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.”

and the songs of Liberty arise from millions and millions of a free and happy people.



## COLONIAL DAYS OF IOWA.

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Address Delivered by Judson Keith Deming Before the  
Society of Colonial Wars, June 17th, 1898,  
in Dubuque, Iowa.

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THE Colonial history of Iowa is an unwritten page. The field is, however, a rich one, and worthy the research of the studious historian, and the pen of the most gifted narrator.

All honor is due to those intrepid mariners who first braved the imaginary terrors of an unknown sea, and discovered this new world; all honor is due to those patient and determined colonists who first settled the barren shores, and dangerous woodlands of the eastern borders of this country; much honor has already been given to men of mediocre ability, and bigoted ideas, around whom the romance of colonial history has drawn a variegated robe of unheard of deeds of bravery, or phenomenal elements of character. We are all proud of our ancestors, partly because we have discovered that they are ours, and part-

ly to satisfy a craving for hero worship. But the history of the colonization of the Northwest, must be read with very different feelings. Neither pride of descent nor sympathy of kinship can aid us in a critical study of the men who braved perils far greater than the perils of the sea, pushed their way through trackless forests, far beyond all hope of succor in case of need; reckless of life; with little chance of personal gain; almost insane in their thirst for new discoveries, new lands, new scenes, the unknown, just beyond. Here and there we have glimpses of their adventures; we know that Father Marquette in June 1673, leaving Mackinac with Joliet, crossed over to the Wisconsin River, down which they paddled to the Mississippi, and upon the bosom of that mighty stream floated along the shores and among the islands so familiar to us all; past this very spot, and so on to the latitude of the present State of Arkansas. A few years later in February, 1680, Father Hennepin left Fort Crivencour, and, whatever lies he may have told about the first part of his journey, we know that he and his two companions must have looked upon the Iowa bluffs, as they paddled northward to the Wisconsin River, from which point their Sioux captors carried them on nearly

to the source of the Great River. The general accounts of these journeyings are interesting, but how much we would enjoy a bright narrative of the incidents and events of each day—If only it had been a Pepys or a Sewall instead of those sober, serious-minded priests, whose zeal in their conquest of souls, made them oblivious to all else. The records of Joliet were lost overboard on his return up the Mississippi, and of those earliest explorers, little remains in the form of written records, except the papers of Marquette and Hennepin. During the period from Hennepin to Julien Dubuque, white men explored the rivers of eastern Iowa, but they were traders or trappers or miners; many of them unable to write an account of their adventures, even if they were inclined to do so. It is possible that among the old commercial records of St. Louis might be found some information of these early inhabitants of Iowa, and undoubtedly the archives of Spain would reveal some of that government's transactions with these men, through reports of the governor of this province. The time is, perhaps, not far distant when some one will be found to devote time and brains and money in a search for these proofs of Iowa's early history, contemporaneous with the history of the English

### Colonies in America.

It is two hundred and twenty five years ago to-day\* that Marquette first saw the shores of Iowa, near the present city of McGregor, and as far as written history has recorded, he was the first white man to reach this "Beautiful Land." Eight days later, on June 25th, 1673, he landed and explored a river, which tradition says, was the present Des Moines river. Nothing in his account, indicates where he landed previous to that date, and so, we must give to the vicinity of Keokuk, the honor of the first landing of white men upon Iowa soil.

To Julien Dubuque has been given the honor of being the first white man to settle within the borders of the present State of Iowa, simply because his settlement is the earliest of which we have any proof. The fact of his residence here in 1788 was demonstrated through a careful search of early records in connection with a suit, brought against the city by heirs of a man named Chouteau, to whom Dubuque had transferred his interest in certain mines in this vicinity. It is unnecessary for me to give a resume of this case—it is given in full in the Reports of the United

\* June 17, 1673. Vide Winsor's *Nar. and Crit. History of America*. Vol. IV, page 178.

States Supreme Court, Vol. 16, and is well known to every student of Iowa history, but this very case brought out the fact that, in 1796, the Spanish governor, Baron de Carondelet, in passing upon Dubuque's petition for a recognition of his grant from the Indians, made his concession subject to the rights of a certain Don Andrew Todd, who appears to have had a previous grant of the trading privileges of the section.\* Who shall say that this same Todd or his agents, and perhaps some of their predecessors, had not already become dwellers in this country previous to Dubuque's settlement. Even as far back as Marquette's time, when he first visited the Indians on the river Des Moines, he found them wearing French cloths, which they had probably bought from traders in Illinois.\* Nothing has been written of the history of white men in Iowa during that one-hundred years, from Marquette to Dubuque, although many pages record, for the same period, the history of adjoining territory in Wisconsin and Illinois. Is it not fair to suppose that Spanish and French priests and traders visited this part of the country from time to time, perhaps settled within our borders, and withdrew,

\* Vide U. S. Supreme Court Reports. Vol. XVI.

\* Vide Parkman's *Discovery of the Great West*. Page 57.

leaving no trace behind them.

The late Bishop Perry in his famous address delivered in this city in 1896, declared that long before Marquette's time, in 1568, and later, English sailors fleeing from the fanaticism of the Spanish priests of California, traversed this great interior region, and after suffering untold hardships, brought home to England wonderful tales of this terra incognita.\* These claims are based upon the narratives of David Ingram, and his companion Job Hortop, and of course, are open to many doubts.\*\* In this same address Bishop Perry hinted that before Dubuque's time, Spanish priests established a mission on this spot, and attempted to drive away men of other faiths. A few days before the bishop's death, I reminded him of this statement, and asked for proofs. He replied that his statement was based upon an assertion made by a prominent writer in this state, but that he was still searching for the proofs. Those of us who knew his zeal in such work, can only regret that his life was not spared to complete this and other labors in the cause of history and religion, to which he was devoted.

\* Vide Semi-Centennial, St. John's Parish, Dubuque. Rt. Rev. Wm. Stevens Perry.

\*\* Vide Winsor's Nar. and Crit. History of America. Volume III. pages 186 and 205.



Strictly speaking, the Colonial history of Iowa, whatever it may be, ceased about the time of Dubuque's settlement in 1788. The United Colonies of America had become United States, and the time was not far distant when this great western colony of Spain was to be incorporated into the new nation, after a short interval of French possession. The war of the Revolution had been over for five years, and George Washington elected first president. It was just at this period when American colonial history was merging into the history of the new republic, that Julien Dubuque and his ten white companions, settled in this vicinity, and began to work the mines under a grant from the Fox Indians, dated at Prairie du Chien Sept. 22d, 1788.

In giving a short sketch of the lives of these men during their residence here, I beg to acknowledge that the chief source of my information is an article by Hon. M. M. Ham, published in the *Annals of Iowa*.\*

For many years, the ambition of young French Canadians had been to lead the life of a *coureur du bois*, a voyageur, followers in the footsteps of Du Lhut, and the pioneers of the Hudson Bay Company. We can imagine that

\* Vide *Annals of Iowa*, 3rd Series. Volume II, No. 5, page 329.

young Dubuque left his home in the district of Three Rivers, fired with the love of adventure, and the hope of winning a fortune in the far west. We find him at the age of 23, established at Prairie du Chien, then a small military post, and from there his expeditions in search of trade carried him frequently to this side of the river, probably to the two Indian villages of the Fox tribe; one located on the Turkey river, and one at the mouth of the stream now called the Catfish creek, about two miles south of this city. In this latter village he learned of the great lead mine discovered by the wife of Chief Peosta, and after winning, in some way, the affections of the chief and the whole tribe, he obtained that famous concession of mineral rights, which in after years, he and his assignee, attempted to have construed as a grant of all the land between the Little Maquoketa river, and the stream near Tetedé Mort. The Foxes were originally a Canadian tribe, and it is possible that some of the ties of their former homes may have inspired their affection for Dubuque; be that as it may, it is certain that, from the time of his settlement among them in 1788, to the date of his death in 1810, he was their true friend, to whom they looked for advice and help; and that he was worthy of their confidence, is

attested by their life-long friendship. He with the ten Canadians, who accompanied him, lived with and among the Indians, and it is fair to suppose that some of them took Indian wives, although to this day nothing has been discovered to show what became of his ten companions and their descendants, if they left any, while of Du-buque all that remain, are his bones recently re-buried where the Indians interred him, upon the monumental bluff which overlooks his old home. His principal occupation was lead-mining, and twice a year he took his metal to St. Louis, and returned with the goods he received in payment. His smelting furnace was on the north side of the hill upon which he was buried, and its ruins were to be seen for many years by the old settlers of this city. In spite of his valuable grant from the Indians, he did not profit by it, for he became involved with his chief creditor Chouteau, and mortgaged the land of which he supposed himself to be the owner. Lieut. Pike who visited him in 1805, and others who knew him, describe him as a small, wiry man, suave and polite and profuse in his demonstrations of courtesy and good breeding, but evasive in his responses to all inquiries, so that to this fact may be partly ascribed the very indefinite information we have of

his life and that of his companions. He died March 24th, 1810, and a few years thereafter, his Indian friends and his white companions disappeared from this part of the country, and not only their fate but their very names are lost to history. In 1828 the last of the old inhabitants of Dubuque's mines had left, and shortly after, in 1830, the new settlement upon the present site of the city was established by a party of miners from Galena, Ill.

As Iowa was part of a foreign colony, long after the foundation of this republic, the preservation of its early colonial history does not come within the scope of work of the Society of Colonial Wars, but, in default of any other field, what better duty can the Iowa branch of the society assume, than that presented by the barren pages of the archives of this,—our beloved state.

While this paper has not been written with the view of presenting any new historical facts, it will have served its purpose, if it but inspires a more active interest in searching for the undiscovered colonial history of this country, and a determination to preserve from oblivion the little that may be found.

## THE FALL OF LOUISBURG.

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Account Given June 17, 1899, at the General Court  
of the Society of Colonial Wars.

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ADDRESS MADE BY REV. SAMUEL R. J. HOYT, D. D. OF DAVENPORT.

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**WE** stand here in bonds which are more than social and friendly. We stand where we must take notice of a past and regard a future in our country's history. A noble past imposes the obligation of a worthy future. The colonial wars are passed into history. The actors in those wars—our honored and revered ancestors—are long since gone back to God; their work accomplished, their career complete. To keep them in memory, to study their work, to draw lessons from their experience—these are the things imposed upon their descendants.

If our society means anything; if we have any worthy object which has associated us together, it is this: to lay firm hold on that thrilling past, nor let the recollection thereof slip away from a treacherous memory and a soul

absorbed in its own concerns.

To study the past of our country, in characters, events, principles asserted, results attained, is a primary design in associations such as this. But our society is not solely dedicated to such study; it is not exclusively devoted to antiquarian research—it is a living organism; it has aims which direct it toward the future also. It seeks in reverent devotion to the past, a courage, a force, a wisdom applicable to present trials and to conflicts yet to come. It has a mission; it is fore-reaching and fore-casting; it has ambitions; it has a career.

The two generations here tonight remind us that it has its old men and its young men. The young will soon grow old; the old will be here no more, but our children will take our places and carry on our work; and so we stand between a venerable past and a hopeful, radiant future. We dream of noble men and noble deeds of the sleeping past. We see visions of good things to come, better things for our country and our heirs than the best of long ago or now.

The crowded pages of the last year's history of our country assure us that the children of today have inherited the spirit of the fathers of yesterday; that if the grand American spirit had been

slumbering and had needed the rousing touch of this and other patriotic societies, that touch has not been in vain. Our opened eyes see now in the zenith that star of the first magnitude—loyalty to country and fatherland!

There has been, perhaps, reason to fear that, deluged as we have been by the rapid growth of our country by constant accessions from abroad, by immigrations from the other side of the seas, over-sloughed by a mass of foreign detritus, Americans being almost elbowed out by newcomers, we were in danger of losing our identity, our traditions, our honor and our name. But that danger, if not entirely past, is not of alarming proportions today; and chiefly, I believe, by the revival of patriotism and love of country, by means of the assertion of loyalty to American ideas, principles and spirit, kindled into life by our own and kindred patriotic societies, and needing only the call to arms against a foreign foe, to be seen bursting into all-consuming flames!

The spirit of patriotism needs to be fed upon convictions of a righteous government and cause. The noblest freedom of a nation must always be won by adherence to truth. It was such a conviction that animated Puritan and Cavalier alike in our colonial days. The stern Puritan of New

England and the hardy Cavalier of Virginia were alike confident of this—that God had created man to be free and independent—and they have left the stamp of liberty and righteousness upon our institutions, and when the test was given their sons of today, it was found, in a way that charmed the world, that the men and the youth of this generation have not lost the heroic sense out of which came the great deeds of colonial days and revolutionary times.

The spirit of heroism is contagious, and how has it spread throughout our land! Its sympathies are beyond all national bounds and reach out to every place where freedom is fighting against oppression. Our nation, though young among the nations of the world, has done much to advance civilization. We have, it is true, no old battlefields or ancient ruins covered with ivy and rich with old memories and traditions; but we have the tales of our forefathers—those hardy old builders—as they were laying the foundations of our country's greatness, with the hoe of industry in one hand and the gun of self-defense in the other; we have the record of their constant watchfulness, the frequent skirmish, the awful battle against great odds with the treacherous savage; and we have Louisburg and Lake George



and Quebec; we have Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Yorktown; we have Gettysburg and Appomattox; we have Manila and Santiago—each bearing a message from the past to the future—a message of courage, of patriotism, of hope and of the triumph of justice and right! The patriotic struggle of a people for enlarged political freedom, the self-sacrificing heroism manifested in resisting the encroachments of tyranny or in maintaining their rights and liberty, not only excite our admiration, but become patriotic incentives to future generations.

Potent events in the history of a people, like the lives of truly great and good men, never cease to exert their influence upon succeeding generations.

Among the significant and living events in our history, the one we celebrate today, while not perhaps among the most sublime in itself, was yet far-reaching in its consequences. It was one of the important factors in the forming of our independent government, and it was a great impulse to patriotism and national courage.

Cape Breton was discovered by Cabot. In 1629 James Stewart settled a small colony on the east side of the island. He was soon after taken prisoner, with all his party, by Captain

Daniell of the French company, who erected a fort at what is now called St. Anne's harbor. By the peace of St. Germain in 1632, Cape Breton was formally assigned to the French. When, by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), the French were deprived of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland they were still left in possession of Cape Breton and their right to erect fortifications for its protection was formally acknowledged. The French accordingly transferred the inhabitants of Plaisance in Newfoundland to what was soon called Louisburg, which became the capital of Cape Breton and a large and flourishing town.

I need not remind you of the almost incessant warfare waged against the New England colonists by the Indians and by the French, and by those forces combined. The attempts to maintain peace with the Indians were finally successful throughout a number of years. The most happy expedient, (which later worked to their detriment,) adopted by the English for that purpose, was the establishing of trading houses where goods were furnished by the government to be exchanged for furs which the Indians brought to them. This had the effect of conciliating the Indians and stimulating their industry, and so was a mutual service to the colonist

and Indian.

In the course of time, however, the Indians became restive and their native traits began to assert themselves. Their intercourse with the whites for trading purposes created first a kind of intimacy and then began to awaken reminiscences of former attacks and cruelties. They began first to refer in boastful terms to their feats and the tortures they had inflicted upon the whites; next they began to threaten to come again with warwhoop and tomahawk; then individual acts of violence took place near the trading posts, and soon it was suspected the French in Canada were whispering possible hostilities against the English, and it became very evident that the Indians were only awaiting a rupture between the French and English to renew and repeat their former scenes and acts of atrocity.

The day of blood came only too soon. In 1744 it was heralded throughout the colonies that England and France had again commenced hostilities. This intelligence no sooner crossed the Atlantic than the frontiers of the colonies became again the area of conflicts, and at once the blood-thirsty savage, encouraged by the French, took up his hatchet. Before the proclamation of war had become known in Boston the

French governor of Cape Breton sent a party to take Canso. This was effected and the captives were taken to Louisburg.

And now began horrible scenes of renewed outrages by the Indians, inspired by the French in Canada and Cape Breton, and now became apparent how dangerous to the colonists were their late intimacy and commercial relations with the Indians. They, taking advantage of their knowledge of the roads connecting the settlements and trading points and the routes from Canada to the various settlements of the English, used heretofore for business intercourse, were enabled to make their vengeful warfare and their acts of carnage and plunder more savage and harmful than ever before.

But with quick foresight, upon the very first intimation of war, the colonists, fast as possible, built new forts in exposed parts of the country, and western regiments of militia in Massachusetts were called on for their quota of men to defend the frontiers. In 1745 the Indians began their operations with great activity, but on every hand they were met by our bold ancestors with unflinching courage, heroism and resolution, and they were afforded but little gratification to their malignity.

But now, assailed as they were by French and Indians, the colonists made a survey of the enemy's resources and began to locate their most threatening strongholds, and finally their eyes were fixed on one great enterprise, and that was the reduction of Louisburg, where the enemy could so conveniently stand sheltered and threaten all their interests and their lives. This city had become a place of incredible strength and was a constant menace. The town was about two and one-half miles in circumference and stood upon a neck on the south side of the harbor, a beautiful, land-locked basin, with an entrance half a mile wide. It was fortified by a wall from thirty to thirty-six feet high, with a ditch eighty feet broad. The main works mounted sixty-five heavy cannon and sixteen mortars, while on Goat Island, at the entrance to the harbor, was a battery of thirty guns, and at the bottom of the harbor, opposite the entrance, was another called the royal battery, which also mounted thirty guns. These fortifications had been thirty years in building, had cost \$5,000,000 and were defended by a garrison of 1,600 men. They were thought by the French to be impregnable.

The New England colonists determined to take this fortress, which was a safe shelter to

the French privateers which menaced their fisheries and, indeed, all their interests. Accordingly 4,000 troops were raised from the several colonies so far as Pennsylvania, but chiefly from Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire, and the command was assigned to William Pepperell, a merchant of Kittery, Me., who had been unequalled in his influence in securing volunteers, and by the 4th of April the expedition had arrived at Canso. Here they were detained three weeks by the ice that made the passage very perilous.

At length Commodore Warren, under orders from England, arrived at Canso in a ship of sixty guns and with three other ships of forty guns each. After consultation with Pepperell the Commodore proceeded to cruise before Louisburg. Soon after, General Pepperell embarked in 100 New England vessels and on the 30th of April effected a landing near Louisburg with his troops, taking the garrison by surprise. A portion of his troops, under Vaughan, he dispatched to the northeastern part of the harbor, and whilst the garrison were vainly fighting to prevent the landing of troops, and, routed, were driven into the city, Col. Vaughan pushed forward, captured the warehouses containing naval stores, and

gave them to the flames. Blinded by the smoke driven by the wind into the grand battery, the French garrison became bewildered and terrified, and thinking the whole invading army was close upon them, they hurriedly spiked their guns and abandoning the battery, retreated into the city.

It was now dark. Early in the morning Colonel Vaughan advanced his New Hampshire men and took possession of the deserted battery, and successfully beat off the French force that attempted to recover it.

This first successful movement gave the colonists a foothold and greatly strengthened their courage, and Pepperell at once laid siege to the town.

Maj. Seth Pomeroy, who was a gunsmith, with twenty other smiths, succeeded in drilling out the captured cannon and they were turned upon the city.

For fourteen successive nights the determined troops with extreme difficulty dragged their cannon from the landing place, through morass and mire, to their camp. Oxen and horses were alike useless for this herculean task, but the men themselves, by means of ropes and straps thrown over their shoulders, dragged the heavy guns foot by foot, sinking to their knees in the mud

and slush. Meantime, the cannon of the captured battery, joined the heavy guns of the English ships in bombarding the doomed city.

On the 7th of May, Pepperell sent a summons to Duchambon, the commanding officer of Louisburg, demanding the surrender of the city, but he refused to lower his colors. Again the siege was renewed with added vigor, the army and navy joining in continuous charges and cannonading, the fleet bombarding the town and its fortifications and the army constantly harrassing every assailable point.

On the 18th of May a large French man-of-war, laden with much needed military stores for the army and bearing reinforcements, was intercepted and captured by the English fleet. Disheartened by this disaster and alarmed by the erection of a battery on Lighthouse Cliff, which commanded Goat Island, and when the New England batteries had approached to within 600 feet of the walls, a breach effected and all was in readiness for an assault, the commandant of Louisburg on the forty-ninth day of the siege, after 9,000 cannon balls and 600 shells had been thrown into the place, surrendered. Proud Louisburg was reduced, and on the 17th day of June, 1745, Pepperell marched in with his



gallant men and to the drum-beat of victory!

The success of this expedition against Louisburg has been considered one of the most striking events in American warfare. It established the New England character for daring and enterprising spirit and it soon became equally the boast and the fear of Britain. The mother was proud of her children, but the daring and prowess that effected such an achievement might one day be arraigned against the integrity of the British empire in America!

The achievement called forth great rejoicing in New England, New York and Philadelphia, and its influence was felt thirty years later at the beginning of the revolutionary war. Colonel Gridley, who planned Pepperell's batteries, laid out the American entrenchments at Bunker Hill. The same old drums that beat on the triumphal entrance of the New Englanders into Louisburg, June 17, 1745, beat at Bunker Hill June 17, 1775! And when General Gage was erecting breastworks on Boston neck "the provincial troops sneeringly remarked that his mud walls were nothing compared with the stone walls of Louisburg!"

In England the news of the surrender of Louisburg was received with bonfires and illum-

inations, in London and other cities. The exploit was on all hands declared to be unequalled, and an equivalent for all the successes of the French on the continent.

Nevertheless, by the peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748, but three years later, Louisburg was restored to France, much to the grief and mortification of New England.

In 1758 the town was again besieged by the English and once more fell. It was left almost a heap of ruins. The inhabitants were transported to France in English ships and the great fortifications were completely demolished. To-day it is the home of a few hundred fishermen, and barely important enough to be afforded a dot on the map of Nova Scotia! But it is of importance as having been the theater of great and heroic deeds which have been factors in moulding great and heroic characters. As the events of the reduction of Louisburg had much to do in uplifting and strengthening the New England character, so was the noble career of the brave General in command, one of the most potent for good known to our history. The greater names of Washington and some of the revolutionary generals have eclipsed that of Pepperell, but it should not be forgotten that he did

more than any other man to prepare the army that was afterward to achieve American independence.

But no event in history and no actor in its theater continues for any length of time to command the approval of mankind unless through them civilization has been advanced and general welfare promoted.

The stirring events of the colonial wars begat a noble race of hardy patriots, whose sons revolutionized the world.

To the strong, courageous, upright men of the colonial wars and to their sons of the revolution our country and the world owe a debt of gratitude that can never be liquidated.

Behind all those things which have made ours the greatest country in the world, and of which we are justly proud—those natural advantages that have contributed so much to our prosperity, the political and social equality enjoyed by our people and having so much to do in forming our national characteristics and stimulating energy—behind all these and, in my judgment, the most potential force in our national life, is the character of the people who first settled the colonies, fought their battles, declared for political freedom, achieved the revolu-

tion, framed our government and who have been thus far prepotent in making homogeneous the mighty streams of immigration that have for years poured into our country. They were men of sterling worth; and so long as the same intelligent, patriotic and conservative force remains dominant our national safety and greatness are assured!

I have a vision full of hope! The spirit of the fathers shall animate the children, and our hardy old colonial sires shall live and work again in them. Our country has a future glorious and enduring!

Let us refresh ourselves, gentlemen, those of us who stand nearer to the past, with that vision of the future which develops from the dreamland of the past and at which the heart takes courage again.

Come, young man, in your strength, high resolves and clear conscience; come, maiden, earnest and good; come, take the tiller and steer us where we elders can see the brightness in the skies, the shining of the years that are to follow!

RIGHT REVEREND  
WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY.

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A Memorial Address By Judson Keith Deming.

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(WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY, BORN IN PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND,  
JANUARY 22, 1832; DIED IN DUBUQUE, IOWA, MAY 13, 1898;  
BISHOP OF IOWA, CHURCHMAN, PATRIOT, FRIEND.)

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**A** HUMAN life is like a stringed instrument, through which the soul gives evidence to the world. The instrument itself may perish, but the voice of the soul vibrates on and on forever. Some lives are discordant, others harmonious. Some strike but one chord, others abound in pleasing tones.

Bishop Perry's life was filled with the melody of love for his fellowmen, and the sonorous harmonies of devotion to the cause of Christ's kingdom upon earth. His guileless nature and the purity of his character exemplified in a high degree those virtues which it was his office to teach. All men who knew him, whatever may have been their difference in creed, in politics or in social preference, united in genuine affection for this good man, so courteous, so kind, so

gentle, so forgiving to all. With steadfast courage, he lived up to his early religious convictions, and like a true soldier fought the battles of his faith under the banner of his adoption. In the great war against evil he recognized the friendly allies of other creeds, but it was his glory to carry the guidon of his church in the forefront, struggling bravely for the post of honor. He was a student every hour of his life from boyhood to the time of his death, searching, continually searching, for new developments of the great truths of sacred and profane history, and he gave to the world, in many contributions to its literature, the fruits of his profound learning.

One of the most beautiful traits of his character, one of the greatest harmonies of his life, was his fidelity to his country, his deep and patriotic love for its history and its honor. His companions in those patriotic organizations of which he was an honored member, are living witnesses of his loyalty to America, to America's record in the past, and America's hopes for the future. One of the last great acts of his life was to stand at the altar and offer up thanksgiving to Almighty God for the victory of the American navy under Commodore Dewey in Manila Bay.

The last sermon that he preached was upon the blessings of peace won by the victories of a righteous cause. He prayed that his country might not be led astray, but that the war in which it was engaged might be recorded upon the pages of history as a struggle for the maintenance of the American principle of justice and higher civilization. A laudable pride in his illustrious ancestry awakened an early interest in the organization of the "Society of Colonial Wars," and he became one of the founders and an officer of the Society in Iowa.

Of Bishop Perry's life among us as a citizen of Iowa, it may be said that he accepted and reciprocated the friendship which was offered to him. He did not thrust himself upon men, but received them with a warmth of cordiality and affection which showed the boundlessness of his love. Those who failed to enjoy his companionship have lost a fair possession—it was theirs for the mere asking. No man left his presence without an opportunity to share his life with him, to be a part of his calm, peaceful nature; to be a dweller in his great heart. Towards those who hurt him, he remained dignified and patient, waiting for the time when his forgiving spirit might win its reward in vindication and recon-

cilement. While memory lasts the influence of his sweet nature will adorn the characters of those whom it touched, and so of him it may truly be said: "Though dead he yet liveth."









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